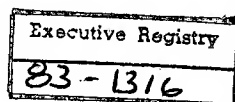


CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY

WASHINGTON, D.C. 20505

General Counsel



18 February 1983

NOTE FOR THE DIRECTOR

19 MAR 1983

Bill:

This is a devastating
account on Barbie.



Stanley Sporkin

25X1

Attachment

OGC



I-100

GWC Copy

File - Barbie



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Barbie (white hair, carrying a coat) goes to jail in Lyons: The intelligence chief compiled a record that was a model of Third Reich savagery

FRANCE

The 'Butcher's' Tracks

Klaus Barbie returns to face justice where he dispensed terror—and the case opens old wounds of war.

The old man settled quietly into a prison cell in Lyons last week, reading German magazines and French newspapers, obediently mucking out his quarters like any common criminal. But Klaus Barbie's past was uncommon—and the memories he summoned up were almost too repugnant to be true. There was the "Butcher of Lyons," a Nazi sadist who could dandle a whore on his knee as he ordered a victim alternately beaten then dunked into ice water; the SS strongman who could snatch a Jewish baby from his mother's arms and put the child on the train to Auschwitz; the Gestapo thug who could lock 100 teen-agers into their schoolhouse, then burn and dynamite it. At 69, Barbie was to face justice back where he had dispensed terror. His case raised awkward questions about who had helped him escape and reopened some old and ugly wounds of war.

Barbie's record was a model of Third Reich savagery. While serving as a decorated German intelligence chief in Lyons between the winter of 1942 and the summer of 1944 he had a hand in 4,342 murders and ordered 7,591 deportations to death camps, by French count. French courts have twice convicted him in absentia and sentenced him to die. Yet Barbie managed to escape in the chaos of postwar Europe—shielded at one point by U.S. intelligence agents who valued his information on the Soviets, war

partners turned adversaries. He fled to South America and built a career flattering strongmen and chumming with other Nazis on the run. When Bolivia's new civilian government finally turned on him and handed him over to France two weeks ago, Barbie was as unrepentant as ever. "What is there to regret?" he told an interviewer after two decades in exile. "I am a convinced Nazi . . . and if I had to be born a thousand times, I would be a thousand times what I have been."

Old Ghosts: Barbie brought more than his insolence back to France. Old Nazi ghosts came back to haunt the resisters and Jewish families who had felt his boot in Lyons (page 42). The French press revived the World War II occupation as front-page news. A chorus of fresh accusers dredged out the long-buried cases of opportunists suspected of collaborating with the Germans. In Washington the administration and the Senate began investigating any U.S. connection in Barbie's postwar escape. "The U.S. was extremely powerful in those days and also arrogant," said French Nazi hunter Serge Klarsfeld. "There were 20 [French requests] urging the U.S. authorities in Munich to surrender him to the French authorities. They remained unanswered."

Barbie was a Nazi's Nazi—loyal, brutal and not too smart. An indifferent student, he passed high school two years behind his

class southwest of Bonn. His SS file approvingly noted his "dark blond sleek hair" and his "consistently strong, positive attitude" toward Hitler's National Socialism—although it showed one flaw: Barbie explained in writing that his wife's difficulty delivering his daughter had prevented him from fathering additional Aryan children as efficiently as SS policy encouraged. (He was eventually to father a son as well.) His field record made up for any such personal shortcomings. He joined the SS "Jewish section," went to The Hague, where he was promoted to full lieutenant, and later moved on to Amsterdam, where Dutch investigators believe he helped deport 300 Jews to the Mauthausen concentration camp.

Dabringhaus: The U.S. interrogator



AP



Stern

Barbie at a comrade's grave in Bolivia: 'I would be a thousand times what I have been'

In December 1942 Barbie was transferred to Lyons, the major Resistance center in France's "unoccupied zone." Chubby but a snappy dresser, he soon set a personal style as deputy commander of intelligence. At "work," usually in shirtsleeves, he snapped his riding crop during questioning—although at times he punctuated his demands with blows from a blackjack, a rough cudgel or a simple two-by-four. "He only stopped when you lost consciousness," says Maurice Boudet, a Resistance leader captured by Barbie's men. "Then he woke you up with kicks to the belly, the kidneys, the crotch. If that didn't work, he threw you in a tub of ice water, with cubes floating in it. After the tub, the blackjack, that made your

skin swell up. Then he injected acid in your bladder." When somebody bombed Barbie's favorite restaurant, he had five prisoners machine-gunned and left their corpses on grisly display as a warning. When some German airmen were shot nearby, Barbie opened an entire cell block as if to permit an escape. As the prisoners ran, all 24 were gunned down.

Special Project: Barbie's biggest catch was Jean Moulin, the Resistance leader hand-picked by Charles de Gaulle to unite the various anti-German groups. As "Max" or "Rex," his noms de guerre, Moulin had called a summit meeting of his Lyons lieutenants in late June 1943. Barbie somehow got word of the gathering, showed up with his soldiers and arrested the bunch. Barbie made Moulin his special project. Gottlieb Fuchs, a Swiss national who served Barbie as an interpreter before winding up in a concentration camp, was among the last to see Moulin—in Barbie's custody and alive, but terribly beaten. When Barbie left, Fuchs tried to wipe the blood from Moulin's face. "I made a kind of pillow out of the rags of his jacket so his lungs would not fill with blood," he says. "The man was dying. His windpipe was caved in." Barbie eventually shipped Moulin off on a train to Paris, but the prisoner died en route.

As the war progressed toward Germany's defeat Barbie lashed out at entire villages. Among his prime targets were Lyons's Jews, many of whom had fled to the region for sanctuary after the fall of Paris. Barbie's secretaries confiscated jewels and other valuables from people brought in for questioning. Many Jews never lived to see the Auschwitz train platform. "Barbie packed them into cattle cars with no food or water," says Michel Thomas, another Ly-

ons survivor. "The trip took weeks, so everyone died. The Germans had to wear gas masks to get rid of the bodies."

After the war, Barbie burned off his SS identification tattoo—number 272284. He was captured briefly by the British but escaped. The Germans wanted him for a jewel robbery. The Americans may have picked him up for black marketeering. But he had an insurance policy: his store of East-bloc intelligence at the dawn of the cold war. He presented himself to U.S. officers and was installed in a safe house in Augsburg. The Americans gave him a sanitized identity and \$1,700 a month, according to Erhard Dabringhaus, one of his American interrogators. Barbie offered a dribble of information—including the location of a Soviet uranium mine in what is now East Germany, evidence that Moscow was developing an atomic bomb. Dabringhaus took a pistol to their meetings. "Had I known this guy would escape," he says, "I think I would have put a bullet through him."

The French repeatedly asked that Barbie be returned for trial, but the Americans refused. As a compromise, the French were permitted to interrogate Barbie under American guard. The French "were ready to tear him apart," says one of the American escorts, John Willms. But Barbie "felt so secure he would give them smart answers." Did U.S. agents help Barbie escape to South America in 1951? The question will test a U.S. Justice Department unit that already has documented cases in which war criminals were smuggled into the United States for training as anti-Soviet agents. Intelligence officers of the period deny that any Nazi with Barbie's notoriety was paid or relocated. "We'd spend a lot of time interviewing them," says former Army counterintelligence man Ralph Farris. "If they didn't want to talk to us, all we had to do was say: 'The French would like to talk to you,' or 'The Russians would like to talk to you.' They were glad to be in American hands."

Influence: By whatever means, Barbie escaped. The old-Nazi Odessa network apparently helped with his travel plans—a voyage from Genoa to Argentina as Klaus Altmann, mechanic, and family. He settled in Bolivia, opened a sawmill, and by 1970 had set himself up as a security adviser to Gen. Hugo Banzer. Among his deals: to plot out two all-white cities intended to attract refugees fleeing southern Africa's black nationalism. Barbie's influence may have reached its peak in 1980, when he supported Gen. Luis García Meza's successful coup against an elected civilian government. Barbie may or may not have been a ringleader of the assorted European Nazis, right-wing thugs and Argentine extremists who cornered the illegal cocaine trade.

Barbie had lost his cover in 1971. On a hunch, the Nazi-hunting team of Serge and Beate Klarsfeld had circulated his picture to newspapers around the world—and the

Fuchs: Eyewitness to Barbie's terror

Gamma-Liaison



INTERNATIONAL

German executive of a Peruvian publishing firm identified the fugitive, who at the time was living in Lima. Barbie fled back to Bolivia, which does not share an extradition treaty with France, and lived safely until the reformist civilian government of Hernán Siles Zuazo took power last October. To the Mitterrand government's delight, Siles Zuazo was ready to cooperate. Last month the Bolivians arrested Barbie on a seven-year-old bad-debt charge. Then the government announced that it was "expelling" Barbie—not extraditing him—

and that France was the only European government willing to take him. The Bolivians flew Barbie to French Guiana, where he was put on a French presidential plane bound for an air base near Orange—then on a helicopter to Lyons.

War Crimes: It will take the French courts at least a year to prepare for Barbie's trial. The French have begun debating whether to bring back the death penalty, outlawed by the Mitterrand government, for his case. Another problem is to assemble an adequate list of charges: his convictions in absentia have lapsed under the statute of limitations. Prosecutors must make a new

case based on "crimes against humanity," a class not subject to limitations. Fresh evidence is plentiful—on the deportation of 41 Jewish children from Izieu; the deportation of 80 rebellious railroad workers from Oullins; the murder and cremation in a baker's oven of a World War I hero and four other people. A trial based on a handful of leftover crimes won't do justice to Klaus Barbie's record. But it will set a precedent for other prosecutions and help France exorcise at least one Nazi monster.

STEVEN STRASSER with SCOTT SULLIVAN in Paris, THEODORE STANGER in Bonn, BARRY CAME in Rio de Janeiro and bureau reports

The Lost Children of Izieu

"The activities of the Jewish children's home were ended this morning. In total, 41 children aged 3 to 13 were arrested. Moreover, all the Jewish personnel, ten heads, five of them women, were also arrested. No money or other objects of value were found. The transport [to a concentration camp] will take place on 7 April, 1944. SS Obersturmführer, Klaus Barbie"

That telegram alone might convict Klaus Barbie on the "crimes against humanity" charge he faces in France. But Julien Favet, 63, offers further damning evidence. As a young farmhand, Favet watched the roundup of the Jewish children—and saw a man he identifies as Barbie giving orders on the scene. Last week NEWSWEEK's Ron Moreau met with Favet at the children's home, a stone schoolhouse in the mountainside village of Izieu, 50 miles east of Lyons. Below, his eyewitness account of one of Barbie's butcheries:

On a warm Thursday morning, April 6, Favet left his boss's house and headed for the fields. As he passed the small boarding school for Jewish children next door, an upstairs shutter flew open and his two young friends, Henri Goldberg, 14, and his brother Joseph, 12, peered out. "Julien," they called, "we can't take the cows to pasture this morning. We have to work in the dining room all day."

Favet went on to plant his asparagus. But by 8:30, when no one delivered him his morning snack, he sensed that something was wrong. Walking back to the school, he noticed two canvas-covered trucks in the front drive. Suddenly someone jammed a machine-gun barrel deep into his stomach, doubling him over in pain. A German SS trooper prodded him to the front courtyard.

The Nazis had stuffed the children "like sacks of potatoes" into the trucks, he recalls. "Most were crying. A few were bravely singing. . . . They cried 'Julien, Julien,' but I couldn't do anything for them." A German officer walked up to him and said

in bad French, "You are the terrorist who jumped." The officer had confused Favet for the school's doctor who had escaped, as had one child, by jumping out a back window. At that point, Favet noticed two SS men in long German overcoats and wide-brimmed hats talking to a local peasant. The peasant, he says, was the "piece of garbage" who had denounced the children to the Nazis, who wouldn't otherwise have known about them. "There are some people around here," says Favet, "who cannot sleep quietly at night, thinking what they did." One of the SS men, he says, was Barbie: "I can tell from his photos. It's simply a face one cannot forget."

Gas Chambers: After the peasant quisling identified Favet, Barbie ordered him released. Just then shots rang out. The

soldiers had broken into a corner storeroom where the children kept a pig they'd been raising. The pig darted out of the room and was cut to shreds by gunfire. Then one boy tried to jump down from the truck. The soldiers grabbed him, kicked him, and beat him with rifle butts. Then, as the small convoy moved out, Favet got a last glimpse of the Goldberg boys, who might have gotten away had they taken the cows to pasture that morning. As it was, they went to the gas chambers at Auschwitz. The school's director, Miron Zlatin, and two of the boys didn't even get that far. A Nazi firing squad executed them in Lyons.

The little stone schoolhouse still sits on the side of the granite mountain. A Mr. and Mrs. Louis Thibaudier now live there. They raise chickens in the front

yard. In the attic, they have kept several long wooden school benches and some faded postcards pasted on the walls by the children 40 years ago. Mrs. Thibaudier also takes care of a large white stone commemorative plaque on the house's front wall. With a soft snow falling, Favet stood on the porch and read the children's names, pointing out the ones he remembered best. He paused, then said, "I think they should tie Barbie to the fence and pull out his fingernails one by one." Mrs. Thibaudier wanly disagreed. "If Barbie did this," she said, "he should be punished. But we shouldn't talk of torture—no matter who it is."



Photos by Boccon Gibod—Sipa-Black Star

Favet, the memorial: Cries and brave songs from small friends



TOUT HOMME EST UN
MORCEAU DE CONTINENT,
UNE PART DU TOUT,
LA MORT DE TOUT HOMME
ME DIMINUE, PARCE
QUE JE FAIS PARTIE
DU GENRE HUMAIN.